

SARAH H. ASE

THE
HYMNS OF ST. AMBROSE.

Together with

Morn, Evening and Midnight

HYMNS,

BY THE

Bishop of Bath and Wells.



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PARAPHRASE UPON THE HYMN of St. *AMBROSE.*

PO Thee, O God, we thy just Praises sing,
To Thee we Thy great Name re-
hearse:
We are thy Vassals, and this humble
Tribute bring

To thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,
Acknowleg'd Sole and Sovereign Monarch of
the Universe.

All Parts of this wide Universe adore,
Eternal Father, thy Almighty Power:
The Skies, and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and
Sea,

With all their numerous nameless Progeny
Confess, and their due Homage pay to thee:

For why? thou spak'st the Word, and mad'st them
all from Nothing be.

To thee all Angels, all thy glorious Court on
high,

Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,

And whatsoever Spirits be

Of lesser Honour, less Degree;

To Thee in heav'nly Lays

They sing loud Anthems of immortal Praise:

Still Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts they cry,

This is their Bus'ness, this their sole employ,

And thus they spend their long and blest Eternity.

2.

Farther than Natures utmost Shoars and Limits
stretch,

The Streams of thy unbounded Glory reach;

Beyond the Straits of scanty Time, and Place,

Beyond the Ebbs and Flows of Matter's nar-
row Seas

They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and
Space.

Infus'd like some vast mighty Soul,
Thou do'st inform and actuate this spacious whole:
'Thy unseen Hand does the well joyned Frame
sustain,

Which else would to its primitive Nothing shrink
again.

But most thou do'st thy Majesty display
In the bright Realms of everlasting Day:
There is thy Residence, there do'st thou reign
There on a Seat of dazzling Lustre sit,
There shine in Robes of pure refined Light;

When



Where Sun's coarse Rays are but a Foil and
Stain,
And refuse Stars the Sweepings of thy glorious
Train.

3.

There all thy Family of menial Saints,
Huge Colonies of bleſſ'd Inhabitants,
Which Death through countleſſ Ages has trans-
planted hence,
Now on thy Throne for ever wait,
And fill the large Retinue of thy heav'nly State.
There reverend Prophets ſtand, a pompous good-
ly Show,
Of old thy Envoys extraordinary here,
Who brought thy ſacred Embaſſies of Peace and
War,
That to th' obedient, this the rebel World below.
By them the mighty 'Twelve have their abode,
Companions once of the incarnate ſuff'ring God,
Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,
As they on Earth did in his Miferies ſhare.
Of Martyrs next a crown'd and glorious Choire,
Illuſtrious Heroes, who have gain'd
Through Dangers, and Red Seas of Blood, the
promiſ'd Land,
And paſſ'd through Ordeal Flames to the Eter-
nity in Fire.
There all make up the Consort of Thy Praise,
To Thee they ſing (and never ceafe)
Loud Hymns, and Hallelujah's of Applauſe:
An Angel-Laureat does the Sense and Strains
compose,

Sense far above the reach of mortal Verse,
 Strains far above the reach of mortal Ears,
 And all, a Muse unglorified can fancy, or rehearse.

4.

Nor is this Consort only kept above,
 Nor is it to the Bless'd alone confin'd ;
 But Earth, and all thy Faithful here are joyn'd,
 And strive to vie with them in Duty and in Love :
 And, tho' they cannot equal Notes and Measures
 raise,
 Strive to return th' imperfect Echoes of thy Praise,
 They through all Nations own thy glorious
 Name,
 And every where the great Three-One pro-
 claim,
 Thee, Father of the World, and Us, and Him,
 Who must Mankind, whom Thou didst make,
 Redeem,
 Thee, blessed Saviour, the ador'd, true, only Son
 To Man debas'd, to rescue Man undone :
 And Thee, Eternal, Holy Power,
 Who do'st by Grace exalted Man restore
 To all he lost by the old Fall, and Sin before :
 You bless'd and glorious Trinity,
 Riddle to bas'd Knowledge and Philosophy,
 Which cannot comprehend the mighty Mystery
 Of numerous One, and the unnumber'd Three,
 Vast topless Pile of Wonders ! at whose Sight
 Reason it self turns giddy with the Height,
 Above the flutt'ring Pitch of humane Wit,
 And all, but the strong Wings of Faith, that
 Eagle's towring flight.

Bless'd.

Bles'd Jesu! how shall we enough adore,
 Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded
 Pow'r?

Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, thou art the Al-
 mighty's Heir,

Thou art th' Etern a Off-spring of the Eternal Sire:
 Hail thou the World's Redeemer! whom to free
 From Bonds of Death and endless Misery,

Thou thought'ft it no Disdain to be
 Inhabitant to low Mortality:

Th' Almighty thought it no Disdain
 To dwell in the pure Virgin's spotless Womb,
 There did the boundless Godhead, and whole
 Heav'n find Room,

And a small Point the Circle of Infinity contain.
 Hail Ransom of Mankind, all great, all-good!

Who didst attone us with thy Blood,
 Thy self the Offering, Altar, Priest, and God:
 Thy self didst die to be our glorious Bail
 From Death's Arrests, and the eternal flaming
 Jail:

Thy self thou gav'ft an inestimable Price,
 To purchase and redeem our mortgag'd Heaven
 and Happiness:

Thither, when thy great Work on Earth had
 end,

When Death it self was slain and dead,
 And Hell with all its Powers captive led,
 Thou didst again triumphantly ascend:
 There do'st Thou now by thy great Father sit
 on high,

With

With equal Glory, equal Majesty,
Joint Ruler of the everlasting Monarchy.

6.

Again from thence thou shalt with greater triumph
come,
When the last Trumpet sounds the general
Doom ;
And, lo ! thou com'st, and lo ! the direful Sound
does make
Thro' Death's wide Realm Mortality awake :
And, lo, they all appear
At thy dread Bar,
And all receive th' unalterable Sentence there.
Affrighted Nature trembles at the dismal Day,
And shrinks for fear, and vanishes away :
Both that, and Time breath out their last, and now
they die,
And now are swallow'd up and lost in vast Eternity.
Mercy, O mercy, angry God !
Stop, stop thy flaming Wrath, too fierce to be
withstood,
And quench it with the Deluge of thy Blood ;
Thy precious Blood which was so freely spilt
To wash us from the Stains of of Sin and Guilt :
O write us with it in the Book of Fate
Amongst thy Chosen, and Predestinate,
Free Denizens of Heav'n, of the immortal State.

7.

Guide us, O Saviour ! guide thy Church below,
Both Way, and Star, Compass, and Pilot thou ;
Do thou this frail and tott'ring Vessel steer
Through

Through Life's tempestuous Ocean here,
 Through all the tossing Waves of Fear,
 And dang'rous Rocks of black Despair.
 Safe under thee we shall to the wish'd Haven
 move,
 And reach the undiscover'd Lands of Bliss above.
 Thus low (behold !) to thy great Name we bow,
 And thus we ever wish to grow :
 Constant, as Time does thy fix'd Laws obey,
 To thee our Worship and our Thanks we pay :
 With these we wake the chearful Light,
 With these we sleep, and rest invite :
 And thus we spend our Breath, and thus we spend
 our Days,
 And never cease to sing, and never cease to praise.

8.

While thus each Breast, and Mouth, and Ear
 Are filled with thy Praise, and Love, and Fear,
 Let never Sin get Room, or Entrance there :
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, through this and all our
 Days
 To guard us with Thy pow'rful Grace :
 Within our Hearts let no usurping Lust be found,
 No rebel Passion Tumult raise,
 To break thy Laws, or break our Peace ;
 But set thy Watch of Angels on the Place,
 And keep the Tempter still from that forbidden
 Ground.
 Ever, O Lord, to us thy Mercies grant,
 Never, O Lord, let us thy Mercies want,
 Ne'er want Thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,
 But let them ever on us be,
 Constant as our own Hope and Trust on Thee :

On

On Thee we all our Hope and Trust repose ;
 O never leave us to our Foes,
 Never, O Lord, desert our Cause :
 Thus aided and upheld by Thee,
 We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Misery ;
 Fearless we thus will stand a falling World :
 With crushing Ruins all about us hurl'd,
 And face wide gaping Hell, and all its slighted
 Pow'rs defy.

A Morning HYMN.

AWAKE my Soul, and with the Sun
 Thy daily Stage of Duty run ;
 Shake off dull Sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy Morning Sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent Time that's past,
 Live this Day as it were thy last ;
 Improve thy Talent take due Care,
 'Gainst the great Day thy self prepare.

Let all thy Converse be sincere,
 Thy Conscience as the Noon-day clear ;
 Think how All-seeing God thy Ways,
 And all thy secret Thoughts surveys.

Influenc'd by the Light divine,
 Let thy own Light in good Works shine ;
 Reflect all Heav'n's propitious Ways,
 In ardent Love and chearful Praise.

Wake and lift up thy self my Heart,
 And with the Angels bear thy Part,
 Who all Night unweary'd sing
 Glory to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heav'ly Choir,
 May your Devotions me inspire,
 That I like you my Age may spend,
 May I like you on God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
 Have all Day long my God in Sight,
 Perform like you my Maker's Will,
 O may I never more do ill.

Had I your Wings, to Heav'n I'd fly,
 But God will that Defect supply ;
 And my Soul wing'd with warm Desire,
 Shall all Day long to Heav'n aspire.

Glory to Thee who safe has kept,
 And has refresh'd me whilst I slept :
 Grant Lord, when I from Death shall wake,
 I may of endless Light partake.

I would not wake nor rise again,
 Ev'n Heav'n it self I would disdain,
 Wert not thou there to be enjoy'd,
 And I in Hymns to be employ'd.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where'er thou art,
 O never then from me depart ;
 For to my Soul 'tis Hell to be
 But for one Moment without Thee.

Lord I my Vows to Thee renew,
 Scatter my Sins as Morning Dew ;
 Guard my first Springs of Thought and Will,
 And with Thy self my Spirit fill :

Direct, controul, suggest this Day,
 All I design or do or say,
 That all my Powers with all their Might,
 In Thy sole Glory may unite.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise him all Creatures here below,

Praise him above y' Angelick Host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

An Evening HYMN.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this Night,
For all the Blessings of the Light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under Thy own Almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The Ills that I this Day have done,
That with the World, my self and Thee,
I, e're I sleep, at Peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last Day.

O may my Soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet Sleep mine Eye-lids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To praise my God when I awake.

When in the Night I sleepless ly,
My Soul with Heav'nly Thoughts supply ;
Let no Ill Dreams disturb my Rest,
No Powers of Darknes me molest.

Dull Sleep, of Sense me to deprive,
I am but half my Days alive :
Thy faithful Lovers, Lord, are griev'd,
To ly so long of Thee bereav'd.

But tho' Sleep o'er my Frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in Chains,
But now and then let loose my Heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faster Sleep the Sense doth bind,
 The more unfetter'd is the Mind ;
 O may my Soul from Matter free,
 Thy unveil'd Goodness waking see.

O when shall I in endless Day
 For ever chase dark Sleep away,
 And endless Praise with th' Heav'nly Choir
 Incessant sing and never tire.

You my blest Guardians, whilst I sleep,
 Clos to my Bed your Vigils keep ;
 Divine Love into me instill,
 Stop all the Avenues of Ill.

Thought to Thought with my Soul converse,
 Celestial Joys to me rehearse :
 And in my Stead all the Night long,
 Sing to my God a grateful Song.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise him all Creatures here below,
 Praise him above y' Angelick Host,
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

A Mid-night HYMN.

Lord, now my Sleep does me forsake,
 The sole Possession of me take ;
 Let no vain Fancy me illude,
 No one impure Desire intrude.

Blest Angels, while we silent ly,
 You Hallelujahs sing on high ;
 You ever wakeful, near the Throne
 Prostrate, adore the Three in One.

I now awake, do with you join
 To praise my GOD in Hymns divine,

With

With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell.

My Soul, when I shake off this Dust,
Lord in thy Arms I will entrust :
O ! make me thy peculiar Care,
Some heav'nly Mansion me prepare.

Give me a Place at thy Saints Feet,
Or some fain Angel's vacant Seat ;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter Day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamp burning in my Hand :
May I in Sight of Heav'n rejoice,
When e'er I hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Glory to Thee in Light array'd,
Who Light Thy Dwelling-place hast made ;
An immense Ocean of bright Beams
From thy All-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun in its Meridian Height,
Is very Darkness in Thy Sight :
My Soul, O lighten and enflame
With Thought and Love of Thy great Name.

Blest JESU, thou on Heav'n intent,
Whole Nights hast in Devotions spent :
But I poor Creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

My Soul, How canst thou weary grow
In antedating Heav'n below,
In Sacred Hymns and Divine Love,
Which will eternal prove above ?

Shine on me, Lord, new Light impart,
Fresh Ardours kindle in my Heart ;
One Ray of Thy All-quickning Light,
Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

Lord.

Lord, lest the Tempter me surprize,
 Watch over Thine own Sacrifice,
 All loose all idle Thoughts cast out,
 And make my very Dreams devout.

Praise GOD from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise him all Creatures here below,
 Praise him above y' Angelick Host,
 Praise Father Son and Holy Ghost.

F I N I S.





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